

THE

ESSAY AND

# Honest JURY;

O R,

## CALEB Triumphant.

A NEW

## B A L L A D.

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*To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.*

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For twelve honest Men have determin'd his Cause,  
And rescu'd from Quibbles our old English Laws.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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# THE LUDWIGS

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# CHAILLET

*De la Part de l'Académie des Sciences*

The author wishes to thank the following for their help in the preparation of this paper:

## **Montana Goodwill**

# EDOLOGY

Die ersten beiden Sätze sind hier oben auf der Pergamentseite vermerkt.



MS. B. 1. 1. — 11  
Sawing his Tongue for to set him in the Pintle :  
But Pillories now shall be laid for the same  
Of some Rogues as A. W. E. N. Labba to name.

# BALLAD.

On may day cometh Master who hit the Country doth blunder ;  
And may day falleth King's Knave who hit the Country doth blunder ;  
If the Peas be not good, it cometh to a Chime  
To wile it were better, in Praise or in Rime ;

For sin be — a well known  
*To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

With shame paid no worder in Vale or in Prole  
For shame past War have decided the Cunge  
And were Judges of Men though not Judges of War.

## I.

 Enjoye ye good Writers, your Pens are set free,  
Your Thoughts and the Presse at full Liberty ;  
For your King and your Country you safely may  
Conscience have which you shal never leave A  
You may say black is black, and prove that white is white : A

Let no Pamphleteers — Tis this fame

Be concern'd for their Earthly Cause

For evry Man now shall be try'd by his Peers. And prospere  
Twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause, T  
And be Judges of Fact, though not Judges of Laws. W

## II.

'Twas a Lawyer called a Paper did print,  
Which Judgments at some Polls look'd slyly a-squint,  
He woky hold full of no Pence and no War,  
So was forc'd from his Trade to appear at the Bar.

Thus for talking too free

Master Attor ——— ney  
Strain'd his Lungs for to set him in the Pillory :  
But Pillories now shall be rais'd for the Shame  
Of some Rogues, as yet, 'tis not proper to name.

## III.

**C A L I A R**  
You may call the Man fool, who in Treaties does blunder.  
And may stile him a Knave, who his Country doth plunder,  
If the Peace be not good, it can ne'er be a Crime  
To wish it were better, in Prose or in Rhime;

For Sir Pb — — p well knows  
That Innuendos  
Will serve him no longer in Verse or in Prose,  
For twelve honest Men have decided the Cause  
And were Judges of Fact, though not Judges of Law.

## I.

## IV.

**E**noch a good Willing boy I'll tell you  
Tumble Judges chere pale and white cruel vs Aldermen,  
Many Edicts, many Members and Bishops — What then?  
Although you should travel all England around,  
Amongst them Justice & Justice cannot be found,

Than this same Ju — —  
Which set Caleb free  
And brought in their Verdict he had no Guilt —  
Then let these honest Men, who do pay Scot and Ldr,  
While Ballads are Ballads, be never fenged.

This

( 5 )

V.

This Jury so trusty and Proof against *Rhino*,  
I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino*;  
But 'tis true in this Nation (oh ! Why is it so ?)  
Men the honestest are as the lower you go.

So a Fish, when 'tis dead,  
I have often heard said,  
May be sweet at the *Tail*, tho' it stinks at the *Head*.  
Oh ! may Honesty *rise* and confound the base Tribe,  
Who will be corrupted by *Pension* or *Bribe*.

VI.

A *Jury* there was, when the *Pope* was in Power,  
That brought out *Seven Bishops* alive from the *Tower*,  
They sav'd our Religion from *Jacobite Fury*,  
Both that and *King George* then we owe to a *Jury*.

So those that brought out  
The *Bishops* — No doubt,  
Brought in our *King George* who's so gallant and stout,  
Then sure 'tis the Int'rest of *Country* and *King*,  
That *Juries* should never be led in a String..

VII.

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophesy'd right,  
And prov'd himself bless'd with the true *Second Sight*,  
Who tho' *deaf* and *dumb*, in Astrology famous  
As *Partridge*, *Poor Robin*, or old *Nostradamus*,

Did lately divine  
That *Caleb* should shine

And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year *twenty-nine*,  
For *twelve honest Men* have determin'd his Cause,  
And rescu'd from Quibbles our old *English Laws*.

But

## VIII.

But one Thing remains his Predictions to crown,  
And that is to see the Leviathan down;  
Nor let us despair, for the Year is not out,  
And a Month or two more may bring it about.

When in Chorus let's sing  
And say God bless the King,  
And grant that all those who deserve it may swing.  
If twelve honest Men were to judge in this Cause,  
One good Verdict more might secure all our LAWS.

## IV

F I N I S.